

THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

VOLUME XXV—NUMBER 1

BETHEL, MAINE, OCTOBER 28, 1966

TEN CENTS A COPY

"The Leaves of Autumn Have Ripened to Fall." Robert Frost



PARENTS' DAY REGISTRATION

YA CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL Parents' Day — '66

Parents' Day is a perennial harbinger of future improvement; it is always accompanied by an uplift of spirits, as it enables the student to see his parents, thus giving him an inspirational boost over the obstacles opposing his future success.

This year proved to be no exception to the rule, as all eagerly greeted their fathers and mothers warmly. But then it was off to the athletic field, for the girls, ready and able, were about to face Kent's Hill. Our forces were found to have abundant spirit and sportsmanship as they put forth a gallant effort in field hockey, tennis and archery, although emerging victorious in archery and jayvee hockey only.

The chicken barbecue was, as always, a gourmet's delight, and to Mr. Nick and his staff we once again owe a debt of gratitude for their maintenance of excellence in culinary preparation.

By 2:00 game time, the bleachers were well-packed and populated with screaming parents and students as the Husky forces took the field. The sun had come out brightly, and from the players' point of view it was hot.

Although putting up a good fight, our gridiron Spartans were outweighed, outrun and plainly outclassed as they battled a huge Williams line and a good-running backfield; however, this was a team composed of eleven lettermen, including ten seniors. The only event of the day which could bolster the ego of the male element was a cross-country triumph over Kent's Hill (no, Gertrude, not the girls) at Hallstead.

Following the game there was the usual Gehring Hall tea for the parents while the students drowned their sorrows at the dance in the gym. Thus another Gould Academy Parents' Day left its mark in the annals of our school's history.

AN INTRODUCTION TO MR. CROSBIE

Mr. Crosbie is the latest addition to the Gould faculty. He lives in two crowded rooms in Holden Hall with his wife, Margaret Crosbie, a Gould salutatorian from the class of '62, and their young daughter, Elizabeth. Mr. Crosbie teaches world history and physical science and is the advisor to the camera club and the audio-visual club. He likes tennis, sailing, skiing, and basketball.

William Crosbie is from Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. He attended Brown from nineteen-sixty to nineteen-sixty-four first as a premedical student and later as a political science major. He was active in campus life as the secretary of his fraternity, a catalyst of the Protestant Chaplain group, and a member of the Brown Key, an organization of twenty aspiring students dedicated to bolstering school spirit. He groomed and fed the Brown bear, a carnivorous mascot of the Brown football team. In his senior year, he met and married the former Margaret Davis, and headed for "the land of fruits and nuts" in order to teach or sell insurance. Two years later, after having sold insurance throughout the West, he decided that the "fast moving, amoral society of southern California" was exhausting his energies at too great a rate, and escaped with his now growing family to Boston, where he decided to abandon the insurance business and become a teacher. He was accepted within days after having applied to Gould and is now a fully inaugurated member of the Gould faculty.

NATIONAL MERIT SCHOLARSHIPS

As most of you know, each year, juniors from all parts of the country take the National Merit Scholarship Tests. These tests cover a large range of subjects such as: English, history, and geometry. If a student attains a score of 140 or higher he comes a semi-finalist in the competition. (This figure pertains to this year's tests; the scores differ yearly.) The state of Maine has eighty-six students which have

THE NEW HEADMASTER

In the fall of 1967 Gould Academy will again open its doors to students as it has done for one hundred thirty years. But this year there will be something different. There will be a new headmaster, Mr. Edward H. Scheibler.

His appointment, which is effective July 1, 1967, was announced by Dr. Sidney W. Davidson, President of the Board of Trustees of Gould Academy, on September 7. Mr. Edmond Vachon, the present headmaster, will be retiring at the end of this school year.

The headmaster-elect was educated at Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa. He then attended Yale University from which he received his B. A. degree in 1954 and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, summa cum laude. He obtained his B. A. and M. A. degrees in history from Oxford University, England. He studied there under a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship.

Mr. Scheibler was employed in government business for seven years, served with the U. S. Army European Exchange System at Nuernberg, Germany, and as an officer of Pittsburgh National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa. Before his appointment as headmaster, he was chairman of the Department of History at Hebron Academy.

At the present time Mr. Scheibler and the trustees of Gould Academy are working on plans for the expansion of Gould. They hope to mold Gould Academy into a better, more outstanding preparatory school for the students of the future.

qualified as semi-finalists; Gould has four of these students: Savannah Stinnett, Stephen Trinward, Peter Howard, and Eugene Tebbets. We wish to congratulate these students for this outstanding accomplishment. Of course, there are those students who have missed out by a few of the necessary points, and to these commended students, Nancy Chaplin, Elise Hatch, Barbara McKnight and John Pollack, we likewise say congratulations for their high performance.

Hosteling Through Europe

-- Ruth Tebbets

Last summer for eight weeks seven other teen-agers and I hostelled in Northern Europe: England, Scotland, Scandinavia, and the Low Countries. After the necessary preparations, including passports, shots, shopping and packing, our group assembled in New York City. We consisted of five girls and three boys ranging from a California surfer to a girl who goes to a Quaker school in Philadelphia. Our leader was a twenty-seven year old starving actor from New York City. Packing had been the real problem, for since bicycling was our principal means of transportation, enough clothes and equipment for two months had to be stuffed into two small saddlebags. We had to shop for such items as inflatable hangers, cold water soap, drip dry culottes, nylon sheets, and tire irons. From New York we flew to London on a charter flight with ninety-six other hostellers.

Hosteling is an established custom in Europe, but because it is still obscure in the United States I think it merits an explanation. The basic idea of hosteling is to travel as cheaply as possible. To further this end, hostels, places where one can spend the night and receive breakfast for less than a dollar, have been established. Hostels vary terrifically. At Loch Lomond, Scotland, we stayed in a turreted castle with immense rooms, impressive staircases, and a magnificent view of the Loch. The next night in Fintory, Scotland, we found a crude, three-room hostel with no hot water. In Norway the hostels were primarily private homes and in Sweden the majority were in school buildings. We also stayed in part of an old church in Belgium and visited a hostel that is an actual three-masted ship in Stockholm harbor. We shared rooms with people from all over the world: English school girls on holiday, an Australian girl who had just come from India, Japanese women, Dutch girls who kept us awake for hours laughing and singing, and an enormous old German school teacher who turned the lights on and off whenever she pleased.

Hostels usually consist of bunk rooms, a kitchen where one can cook his own food, a dining room where one can buy meals, and a common room. We spent our evenings in the common room reading, playing the piano, watching folk dances, dancing to modern music, writing home, singing, and playing in tournaments of hearts.

We cycled for over six hundred miles on bikes ranging from an Italian ten speed to a Norwegian monster with coaster brakes. The countryside was beautiful; we cycled in English villages and Scottish uplands, along a mountain river in Norway, beside the sea in southern Sweden and Denmark, and past enormous fields of begonias in Belgium. Some days the biking was great. One day between Tyrin and Skagstad, Norway we took a bus to a mountain top, did

some climbing, and late in the afternoon coasted straight down five miles to a farmhouse hostel. Two boys claimed they coasted past a Volkswagen on the descent.

We also had bad days. Again in Norway we biked forty-six miles over hilly terrain and mud roads in the rain. What with splatter from our own bikes and occasional wipe-outs by cars, we weren't recognizable when we reached the hostel. We were looking forward to the next day, for a German had told us it was down-hill all the way. We started out and soon reached a hill. At every corner we expected the road to start down, but the hill turned out to be eighteen miles high.

We weren't supposed to bike in cities, but some of our tenses moments were spent sliding in tram tracks, bouncing on cobblestones, fixing a snapped chain in downtown Brussels, and dodging cars in the Bull Pen in Birmingham.

The biking wasn't actually too strenuous, for we could set our own pace. There was as much as four hours difference between the first and last cyclists.

We all liked Norway best. The sun was usually shining, the air was clean and cool, the fjords and mountains were magnificent, the people were friendly, and the fresh salmon and soured ice cream were unbeatable. One girl on the trip liked Oslo so well she got a job and is working there for a year between high school and college. We had expected Sweden to be like Norway, but physically it is more like mid-western U. S., everything is much more expensive, and the Swedes are not as friendly as Norwegians. Denmark, Holland and Belgium are nice, but the scenery is unexciting, and they are much more built up than Norway. England and Scotland gave us some rather drab days and bland food.

Although our group agreed that hosteling is best in rural areas, we also had some rather interesting times in cities. It was worth the trip just to see some blond Norwegian boys training in an outdoor gym in a park in Oslo. In Copenhagen and Amsterdam we visited breweries where the best beer in the world is made. In Amsterdam our hostel room was overlooking a canal, and we sat and watched everything from a coffee pot to a toilet seat float by. One night in Paris we were returning from dinner about one in the morning, singing and having a great time. We saw a gendarme approaching, and thought we would be in trouble for making noise, but he came up to us, kissed us all, and continued on his way.

Our trip culminated in Brussels. The plane was delayed thirty-six hours, so the airlines put us up in one of the city's plushiest hotels. We luxuriated with private rooms, double beds, bathtubs with hot water, and three course meals before returning to the United States.

THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

Established October 1942

Co-Editors	Barbie McKnight, Peter Howard
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Faculty Advisor

Mr. Thompson

EDITORIAL

THE TEAMS WITHOUT A SCHOOL

You have never heard of a team without a school? You don't believe that it's possible for such a thing to exist? Well, then, prepare yourselves to witness this phenomenon for YOU are going to make it happen. While your fellow students are fighting to make a name for Gould you are going to murder it.

I can see your hackles rising now. You are indignant, insulted that it is suggested that you are going to be the assassins of your school. Don't throw this paper down in anger! Read on.

Gould Academy is not a set of neat brick buildings nestled in a quaint New England town. When the Huskies sally forth against their rivals they don't fight for the glory of a million dollars worth of the best secondary education in the state; they fight for YOU. You are Gould. As the congregation is the church, as the people are the country, the students are the school—and that means YOU!

When you fail to show up at rallies and games, when you don't sign up for spectator buses, when you don't even cheer in study hall or do any of the "little" things that mean so much to the teams, you are quite effectively strangling that which the team represents. Think about it. You are killing what the team stands for. The team stands for the school. The school is the students. The students are you. As you can see the end result is suicide.

Wake up! Pull yourselves out of your suicidal depression! Put on your gold and blue and put something behind your team. Don't let the country rot from within while the legions are absent defending it from foreign powers. Go out and cheer them on to victory. Let the other schools know that they are reckoning with a united student body not just a couple of dozen athletes. Give a little of yourselves to back up your classmates who are representing you.

P. H.

HEADMASTER'S CORNER

Your Personal Equipment

Another school year has begun. You as students have been provided with excellent personal equipment to reap the greatest benefits from this new academic year. You have a marvelous brain with more than a hundred million neurons. It can remember, it can calculate, it can think, it can plan. You have a wonderful chemical organism that can take food and transform it into energy and build the fibers of your body. You were given two eyes, a marvelous detector system that can see light originating in the sun 93,000,000 miles away, and in the moon 240,000 miles away. You were given the five senses — the eyes to see, the nose to smell, the tongue to taste, the hands to feel, and the ears to hear. Now the question is: "What are you going to do with all this wonderful equipment?" It is my sincere hope that you will make it all work for you to have the most successful and productive school year ever.

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THE RAIN FOREST ...

... PANAMA

Where life gives life,
Clouds converge to break.
Where the seeming contentment
of a stream succumbs to becoming
a waterfall, down,
to leave the rain forest behind,
to where ripples will become the
power of the ocean,
where sea mist becomes a door
to shut on blue sky over the
mountains, where clouds go
ajar long enough to let the
sea mist refresh the
more than two-vones, entangled
like challenged lovers,
where green is blackgreen,
where the rain day sky
meets the night sky rain,
where the plush overgrowth
is a shield against the outside
world,
where no sound can penetrate
the
rain and wind,
a small native girl prays
for her life.

by Carol Floyd

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What is big and square? What is filled with discount paper-back books? What is sponsored nonprofit by SAC to give you the good reading every student needs to have available? If you haven't guessed by now, you must not be using the school bookstore. Which is unfortunate, both for you and for the books. Unless all the student body makes use of the book store, the books sit and gather dust and you sit there and your little brains (which should be working) also gather dust. Stop this senseless dust gathering. It is time for all good book stores to come to the aid of their students! The books available are readable editions of various literary works; not, however, the kind that sit year after year in their livingroom bookcase, showing off their bindings to impressed visitors. They are cheaper and more useful so that you don't need to feel guilty about underlining phrases. They are the kind of books that you need to buy to increase your literary diet without decreasing your pocket-books too much. They need YOU.

THE G. A. A. WELCOME TEA

September 22, 1966 was the big day. The Girls' Athletic Association gave its annual welcome tea in honor of the new female arrivals.

School was out and you could see the girls rushing over to the gymnasium. Utter confusion reigned for about fifteen minutes while the new arrivals located their "big" sisters. A little blood was shed while the name tags were pinned on but the amount was trivial.

FOOD! A whole table full of calories and the girls could eat all there was to eat. Judging from most of the comments the food committee outdid themselves.

The G. A. A. president Eileen Saunders then spoke to the girls, both old and new. She explained the functions, responsibilities, and duties of the G. A. A.

The crowning delight of the tea was the various talks given by the managers of the sports. These were both interesting and amusing. On the whole, the tea was a success and strange faces became familiar.

R. S. McMILLIN

Shovel & Backhoe Work
Gravel & Loam

EDITORIAL

THE VALUE OF THOUGHT

Innumerable times have we all passed down Church Street past the somber brick buildings and past the likewise portly maple sentinels. A perceptive glance backward would reveal the sameness of the red brick edifices, and the undiversified appearance of the trees. The question of whether the students also are uniform might rear its head. This query does not pertain, however, to outward dress but to the all important self expression. Where have all the individuals gone? Why do we lack the courage of our convictions? Why do so many prefer to render themselves useless by emulating the pruned tree?

First, let us examine the power of thought, of sturdy opinions. Surely no one will try to discredit the former statement, for history proves it unquestionably. Think about the powerful impact that books such as Machiavelli's "The Prince", Thomas Paine's "Common Sense", Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin", Sigmund Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams" or Albert Einstein's "Relativity" have had upon the world. Carefully formed ideas and opinions have and will always be applauded. The world has appreciated and listened attentively to sound thinking for countless ages.

Thus, on the Gould campus, let us show ourselves as thinking individuals. Ample opportunity is given for expression: open Student Council meetings, class meetings, club meetings, round table discussions and "bull sessions" with our classmates. A school should never be allowed to be run by an esoteric few. If there is disapproval over our lack of school spirit, give voice to the opinion. Furthermore, do something about it. If the school newspaper is in need of drastic improvements, offer some constructive criticism. If a club is foundering due to lack of interest, give suggestions for the amelioration of the situation. It is in the power of every student to help the school run more effectively. Let us not squander this talent by burying it as did the wicked servant of Biblical fame. B. M.

A GOULD TRADITION

It has long been a tradition at Ivy-covered Gould Academy (nestled in the foothills of picturesque Oxford County) that a great honor be bestowed on each year's Freshman Class. The Class of '70 is no exception. They have the great honor of gathering wood for the football rallies. On a rally-Friday large numbers of the faithful Freshman wood-gatherers can be seen scouring the vicinity of Lovers Lane in search of fuel. The bonfires to date have been of acceptable size. It is heartwarming to see the Frosh Class accepting their fate graciously. The Freshmen have earned a "thanks" from all the upper-classmen. This thanks will probably be demonstrated by lovingly tossing some of the wiser Freshmen into Freshman Brook, the showers, or some other equally appropriate place.

JE M'APPELLE ADELINE!

Si vous parlez français vous allez pouvoir lire facilement que je suis Française, que j'arrive de Provins jolie et ancienne ville au Sud-est de Paris. J'aime Gould, mon école maintenant, mes amies américaines et j'en ai beaucoup-vous toutes. Vous aimez jouer au tennis. Venez jouer avec moi. Vous jouez au basketball? Apprenez-moi. Vous aimez skier? J'irai avec vous. Vous aimez

FRESHMAN PARTY

On the night of September 30 the William Bingham Gym resounded with the outbursts of gaily accompanying one of the school year's gala events—the Freshman Party. At seven-thirty the black chauffeured limousines began rolling up to the curb to drop off their various Freshman occupants at this elite social affair. As the name implies, the Freshman Party is an exclusive affair for Frosh only. Its purpose is to afford an opportunity for the Academy's newest scholars to mix and mingle. Unfortunately only a handful of the class's seventy odd (some quite odd) students attended this tremendous bash.

Entertainment was provided by that sensational new group that is taking the nation by storm — The UNKNOWNNS. The group consists of: Craig Walker (drums), Andy Davis (lead guitar) and Doug Farrar (rhythm guitar). As usual the group was mobbed by screaming fans and the Bobbies had to break it up before it developed into a riot.

This year's F. P. will go down in the records books as a mild success in a category where mild failure is considered a good rating.

vos professeurs? Moi aussi.
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Gould VIVE LA FRANCE.

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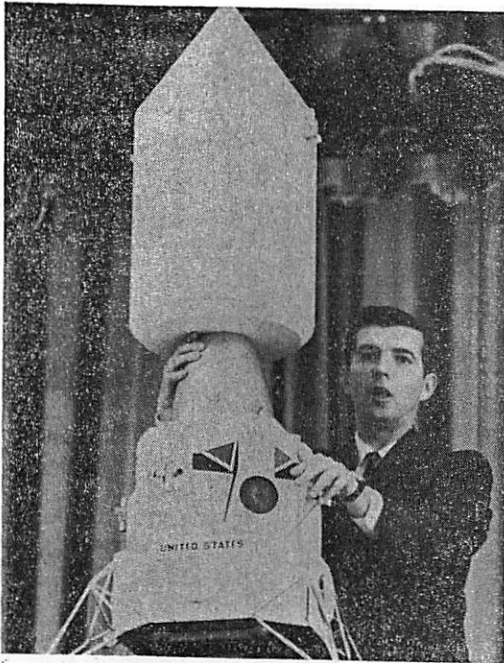
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PATRICK WALSH — NASA PROGRAM

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

"Say, John, do you know that the blacksmith from East Overshoe is coming to school tomorrow to give us a talk?" Way back in one-room school days, "Assembly Programs" probably began this way. Now, in our modern day, we troop over to the auditorium expecting to be educated entertainingly.

This year there will be a variety of programs. The first assembly was the NASA Program lecture, explaining the advances of our various space projects. This will be followed later this fall by the famed Bates singers, the Deansmen.

For those students who have traveled, or would like to, there will be movies scattered throughout the year about fascinating lands across the oceans, including "France: The Faces of Love," "India: Haunting Passage," and "Sweden: Fire and Ice."

Interesting speakers will be another attraction for the winter and spring months. One of our more unusual lectures will be given by a Funeral Director. Then Greetings from Mount Washington! Marty Ingstrom is coming under the auspices of the Weather Club. The pace changes a bit when William (Bill) Clark will entertain us here at Gould. This noted author and humorist will be familiar to any readers of the "Portland Press Herald".

Of course, all the assembly programs haven't been scheduled yet. One of the biggest contributions to a successful year would be the addition of more faculty and student talent. How about it, clubs? Debating and music have promised to continue their usual fine work. Your ideas and contributions are welcomed. If someday soon someone says to you, "You would like to be in an assembly program, wouldn't you?" all you have to do (before you say yes!) is remember the little old-time school where you would have had to "speak a piece" every Friday afternoon.

Compliments of

LEWIS M. SARGENT

CHEERING

On September 14, eighteen girls nervously awaited their turn to try out for the cheering squad in the Bingham Gym. The girls were to do three cheers in the group of eighteen, three cheers in a group of three and one single cheer. The panel of judges consisted of the Student Activity Council.

The girls were selected on the basis of poise, appearance and presentation. All eighteen did a remarkable job—but unfortunately, only twelve would make the squad. The girls nervously did their cheers and waited for the results with high hopes.

These prospective cheerers realized they had a lot of work ahead. To the onlooker cheering may seem glamorous, fun—and an easy task. In reality it is hardly an easy task. It means sacrificing time for practice, ceaseless cheering on raw, windy days, traveling miles for away games—hard work and serious business.

The twelve girls chosen for these positions were: Kathy Kittredge, Michelle Farrar, Debbie Shipp, Jean Robertson, Becky Andrews, Terri Reed, Diddie Merrill, Debbie Mitchell, Barb Halperin, Pam Douglass, Rodie Stowell, and Barb McKnight.

These twelve girls have already proved their ability for doing a terrific job. Their sideline support has been a great spirit booster for the football and cross-country teams as well as for the fans.—Keep up the good work girls.

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WITH THE SENIORS

SENIOR SPOTLIGHT ON KATHY KITTREDGE

"Spell it out!" K-A-T-H-Y-K-I-T-T-R-E-D-G-E.

No, it's not a new cheer—but here's a girl who deserves one of the cheeriest. For sheer enthusiasm and good spirits she's far and away one of the most practiced.

But even if no one'll cheer for Kathy, she'll always have one for everyone else. A member of the cheering squad since her sophomore year, she follows in her sister's footsteps as this year's Head Cheerleader. Kathy and her big blue megaphone are a welcome addition to any sidelines!

She doesn't just stick to the sidelines, however—anything but! Kathy is a regular participant in all the girls' sports with an "especially" this year in front of Varsity Field Hockey. Member of the GAA for all four years, she has been on the Council for three. Modern Dance has known the excellence of her managerial ability since she was a sophomore. Having taken dance for most of her life, she not only shares her talents with the other girls, but she has danced in all three of the musicals since she's been at Gould—"Brigadoon," "Carnival," and "Amahl."

Besides being such an off-heard member of the sports world, she does not neglect the domestic side of life. She has belonged to the FHA for three years and now has the honor of passing FHA views on to the world—or at least to SAC, for she represents both the FHA and the cheerleaders.

However Kathy isn't simply all that she's done, but rather all that she is. Not only one of the most lighthearted and friendly gals on campus, she is one of the most school-spirited. (How's the Campaign going, Kathy? Let's have a little spirit, group!)

How do you find Kathy Kittredge in a crowd? "She's the smiley cute one with red hair and freckles." But you won't have to look very far.



Kathy Kittredge



Gene Tebbets

SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: GENE TEBBETS

Versatility is the key to personality. With a varied background, widely divergent interests now, and a certain-to-be-exciting future, Gene Tebbets holds the key.

Gene has been active in the Student Activity Council since he was a freshman—this year as its president. He is also a member of the varsity squad of Cross Country, a two-time letterman in skiing, a member of the Outing Club Executive Council, and one of the Audio-Visual crew. Gene has little time to "let the grass grow."

Social activities are not the only thing in which Gene excels, however. He received the Rensselaer Award and membership in the National Honor Society as a junior; this year he became a National Merit Semi-Finalist. Gene's name is always on the Honor Roll.

Summertime, the past two years, has found Gene at Colgate University in Hamilton, N. Y., and the University of Virginia, participating in small study and research groups in electronics.

He plans after high school to go on to a liberal arts college (maybe Princeton or Harvard), to major in physics and math, and then to a career in research. Whatever Gene attempts is sure to be successful, and we of Gould wish him, "Good luck!"

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OSCAR'S OBSERVATIONS

It is interesting to observe the numerous books recently published which question the findings of the Warren Commission on the assassination of President Kennedy. Such items as the time between the first and second shots, the angle at which the various bullets entered both Kennedy's and Gov. Connolly's body, the possibility of a conspiracy,—these and other questions have inflamed the doubts and unsatisfied questionings of many people. Perhaps the fact will never be discovered, and for many people the terrible event will remain an unsolved mystery. For others, Oswald, warped and twisted, a nonentity, drifter, and failure, will remain the murderer, his motive hidden forever with his buried body.

Our Marines slop thru the earthy mud in Viet Nam, while our astronauts aim for the moon as they prepare their giant rocket in Houston. Several million people each Sunday and Saturday watch squads of highly trained human behemoths kick and throw a football around, while 350,000 throw grenades and blazing torches into Viet Cong straw houses and sometimes get a sniper's bullet in the head in return. Late, late old movies display the fake heroics of tin Hollywood soldiers while Gen. Westmoreland grows old before his time, watching over the fate of several hundred thousand young Americans. Bread and circuses, guns and butter, the Great Society and the Marine basket case — makes one wonder a little, yes?

Never was the foliage more beautiful than this year's. For once, Parents Day did itself proud in its scenic effects. Looking out toward the Oxford hills away over beyond the Field House, what participant, young or old, can ever forget that ineffably striking patchwork quilt of color, as he or she, young and old and middle-aged, munched on his barbequed chicken chicken becued chicken? And all hail Chef Nickerson and his four o'clock rising crew, whose efforts were so perfectly planned and carried out!

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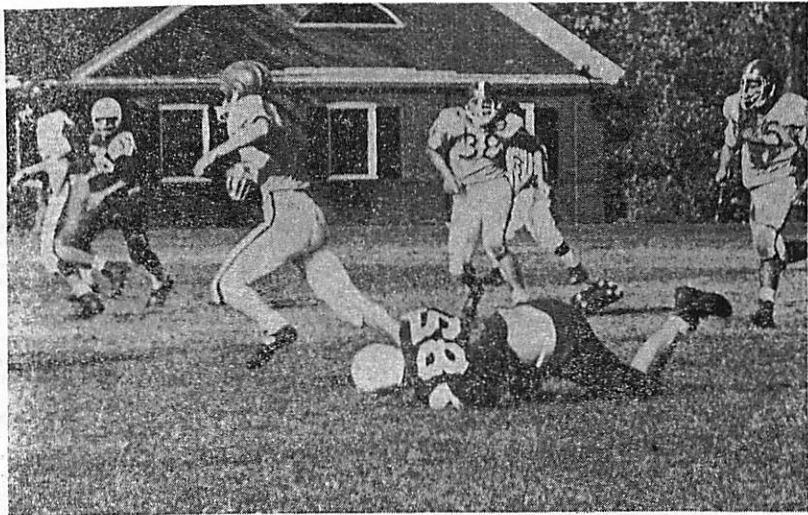
1966-1967 OFFICERS

Organization	President	Vice-President	Secretary	Treasurer
Biology Club	Pam Douglass	Bob Kuenstle	Vicky Brown	Hal Fure
Chapman Club	Pete Howard	Barb McKnight	Vivian Brown	Vivian Brown
F. H. A.	Linda Dunn	Becky Morton	Bev York	Brenda Saunders
French Club	Dave Thurston	Becky Andrews	Debbie Shipp	Pete Howard
G. A. A.	Eileen Saunders	Pam Douglass	Nancy Brown	Becky Andrews
Latin Club	Dave Bouldry	Ned Robertson	Cindy Chapin	Ray Powell
Photography Club	Al Cummings	Bill Eames	Joan Frankiewicz	John C. Pollack
Weather Club	George Nickerson	Dave Thurston	Rodie Stowell	Don Dixon
Outing Club	Dave Thurston	Harlan Bean	Barb McKnight	Terri Reid

CLASS OFFICERS

	Freshmen	Sophomores	Juniors	Seniors
Lincoln Flske	Henry Deegan	Debbie Bolen	Kris Glines	
Scott Daigle	Raymond Powell	Joan Wiese		
Roger Wheeler	Mark Hutchins	Darlene Merrill	Ned Robertson	
Dave Bouldry	Lloyd Carver	Eileen Saunders		

... BUT IT'D BE DARN NICE TA TIE A FEW!



**TOUCHDOWN -- KAILEY'S INTERCEPTION
ON THE GRIDIRON**

STRATEGY SAVES GOULD VICTORY OVER LIVERMORE

A masterful piece of strategy gave Gould Academy its second victory in three starts at the Livermore Falls High School field on October 1. The outcome of the clash was 9-8.

L. F. scored in the first period on Mike Henry's 54-yard interception runback. The lead held up until Bob Seemann's end-sweep gave the Huskies 6 points. George Nickerson's conversion left the score at 7-6 at the half-time break.

Each team scored a fourth period safety after failing to score during the third period. Gould's, however, was intentional, as quarterback Bob Remington downed the ball in his own end zone to prevent the Andies from having another shot at the G. A. end zone.

Thus, Livermore also scored a safety, but it still left them one point short, as the score at the final gun was 9-8.

"WILLIAMS TELLS"

Gould's football record was evened at 2-2 on Saturday, October 8, as a definitely superior Williams High grid squad tripped the home-town-ers by a decisive 37-12 margin.

From the first it was seen to be Williams' game. Though fired up for the first few plays, the Husky defense soon—too soon—tired, and seemed inept as compared with the efforts of the Oakland squad.

Bob Joseph was most decidedly the workhorse for the visitors. Joseph ran two long-gainers for scores—52 and 23 yards—and set up another with a 52 yard jaunt. Dan Knight also account for tallies in the second half on runs of 5 and 65 yards. Gerry Michaud, on a one-yard plunge, scored the one remaining score.

G. A. scored twice in the third period for its only tallies of the day. Both of these counters were made by relative newcomers, freshman Doug Farrar and soph Pete Kailey. Farrar's six — pointer came on a 34-yard pass play from Bob Remington and Kailey's on a electrifying 37-yard pass interception return.

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GOULD SWAMPED BY JAY IN OPENER

Jay High School's Charlie Harris almost single-handedly dumped the visiting Gould Academy Huskies as the Bethel boys went down to a smashing 40-7 defeat.

Harris threw touchdown passes of thirty, thirty-seven and twenty-five yards while setting up two other scores with his accurate bombs. Ray Lapointe caught two of these heaves and Terry Trask the third. Trask also rushed one-yard after another aerial set-up. Harris and half-back Marty Smith each ran for one more score.

About the only bright spot in the Husky attack came in the fourth period when half-back George Nickerson swept left end for 39 yards. Nickerson also made the conversion.

Co-captain Harlan Bean was a G. A. stalwart in the defensive line, being responsible for a majority of the Husky tackles.

HUSKIES HIT WIN COLUMN

The Gould Academy Huskies, picking up the pieces after a crushing defeat the previous week at the hands of Jay High School, came from behind to defeat Wilton Academy at Gould on September 24.

Wilton, scoring first on a Hahlon Sargent run, surrendered its lead early in the second period as Bob Remington set up a Husky score with a pass interception runback to the Wilton 20-yard stripe. Warren Tibbets then scored the first of his two touchdowns for the day on a George Nickerson pass. Nickerson converted.

George also scored on a 10-yard end-sweep early in the third period. Minutes later Tibbets again legged the ball eight yards to pay-dirt.

A fourth period Wilton touchdown concluded the scoring at 21-14.

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WINTHROP DROPS GOULD SUB-500

On Saturday, October 16, a spirited though outskilled Winthrop High School football squad dropped the visiting G. A. Huskies to their third defeat in five outings this fall.

Gould, scoring on touchdown passes from quarterback Bob Remington, relinquished a half-time edge to go down to a 19-14 defeat.

Scoring rapidly on a 35-yard strike to right-end Don Dixon and a 20-yard to left-end Dick Paine, the Huskies seemed overconfident and fatigued at the half-time break. The home-town Ramblers took quick advantage of these shortcomings, tallying off 13 points in the third quarter on two Jon Foyt runs — one plunge and one 23-yarder. Dave Virgin scored the remaining Winthrop T. D.

Harlan Bean, as usual the workhorse and sparkplug of the defense, was a G. A. stand-out.

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"WOULD YOU BELIEVE BRUISING?"

As Parents' Day dawned bright and crisp on October 8, Moms and Dads had an opportunity to watch their perfume-scented daughters compete in a delightful game of hurley. Armed with weighted sticks, comparable to a shepherd's crook, and thick shin guards, Gould's Varsity Stout Hearts set out to conquer the Kent's Hill Amazons.

Play was fast and furious with Kent's Hill immediately taking to the offensive. However, Gould's Lambs set up such a stalwart defense that the Hill's finest ball handlers could not break through it until late in the first half when the Hill-topper's left wing blazed the ball behind Gould's keen goalkeeper, Becky "Brawn" Thompson.

The second half showed the Gould 11 to be on the move. Barb McKnight, Jean Robertson, and Vicky "Tricks" Brown kept the girls driving up the field, but each drive was thwarted by a good Kent's Hill defense. Vicky put on a show of her own with "half-twists" into the screen and long spins across the shinty green. Dazzle 'em, Vicky!

The tide of the game turned again to Kent's Hill as three more blasts slipped beyond goalie Thompson's grasp. Thus, as the last gun was fired, Gould finished second to an excellent Kent's Hill squad, the score being 4 goals for Kent's Hill, 0 for Gould.

Gould's J. V.s, however, maintained a tight defense and pressing offense and emerged victorious. Center half Jo-Ann Bickford drove home the only tally for either team early in the first half. Sparkling play by Darlene Merrill and Claire Bachelder kept the Kent's Hill defense on its toes throughout the game.

It has been said that a team is only as good as its coach. If one can believe this, the girls of Gould should have a highly successful season as Coach Arbour is one of the best.

GIRLS' ARCHERY AND TENNIS

It was a crisp, cool autumn day on October 8, Parents' Day.

At 10 A. M. the girls' Play Day with Kents Hill got under way. The archery team was victorious over the Hilltoppers by a score of 1273 for Gould and 1137 for Kents Hill. The high scorer for Gould and the meet was Mary McGee with a score of 361.

In tennis Kents Hill was victorious over Gould, winning both singles and doubles.

Debbie Shipp, a Gould senior, had a close Single, 9-7, and Debbie Brayton and Debbie Shipp, both seniors, had a 9-7 Double.

Although the girls didn't win the games, they had a great time playing with girls from another school.

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CROSS-COUNTRY

Prospects for the 1966 Gould cross-country team seemed poor at the outset of the season. Mr. Vogt's squad had been crippled by the graduation of three of his top five runners, leaving only two, Robert Everett and Lloyd Carver, to defend Gould's 1965 State Championship against a number of imposing teams.

Support arrived in the form of veteran runners Ned and Dave Robertson, Carter, Tebbets, Fox, Eames, Boyd, and Page. Added strength was also gained from newcomers Mann, Timberlake, Buswell, Wentworth, Packard, and Seames.

Under Coach Vogt's skilled guidance, the runners were transformed into a surprisingly strong team. Bob Everett and Ned Robertson led the pack, closely followed by Carver, Tebbets and Mann. Many an hour on brisk Saturday mornings was spent running time trials and quarters. After practice one could see the lowly managers, John Pollack and Merton Brown, giving rubdowns to fatigued members of the Gould "ballet troupe".

Practice paid considerably well. The Gould team emerged victorious against a strong Bridgton squad with a score of 30 to 35 in a meet between Bridgton, Phillips, Oxford Hills, and Gould on September 22. Although Gorham edged a 26-29 victory over the Huskies a week later, the boys then defeated Mexico, Kent's Hill, Mechanic Falls, and Farmington in a series of meets. A meet this Tuesday with Hebron will be one of the last steps toward the State Meet.

Such is the Gould cross-country team. Our strength has been indicated by the defeat of one of our strongest foes, Bridgton High School. But ahead of the team lay further meets, most of which will be difficult, for our team. It is for the student body of Gould Academy to help them. Support your team; add energy to their final steps across the finish line, with your cheers. It means a great deal to a runner who has just a few yards to go at the end of a two mile run.

CROSS-COUNTRY SCORES

Sept. 22 — GOULD 30,
Bridgton 35, Phillips 74,
Oxford Hills 107

Sept. 29—GOULD 29, Gorham 26.

Oct. 4—GOULD 25, Mexico 31.

Oct. 6 — GOULD 25, Farmington 31

Oct. 8—GOULD 21, Kent's Hill 37.

Oct. 13—GOULD 19, Mechanic Falls 61, Buckfield 57.

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